

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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It is always a sufficient sign that a concert-institution does not work well when, after a lapse of years in which it has been conducted prosperously, its rules with regard to admission, &c., are suddenly altered. Such was the case at the Philharmonic Society a few seasons ago, when its strict regulations respecting the non-transfer of tickets were relaxed in favour of members of the same family. This measure filled the room with new faces, gave an apparent flush of prosperity to the concern, and sufficiently annoyed the old subscribers. We remember at this period, when the audience were, to speak metaphorically, collected from the highways and under hedges, seeing a gentleman peruse the “Times” with great complacency during a symphony of Beethoven.

Where there is a rooted disease in the constitution, it is a vain attempt to suppress those indications of it which naturally rise to the surface. The mischief sooner or later will out. We saw in this most unusual audience an unhealthy state of plethora that betokened the worst changes. Since that time Moscheles has retired from the directorship, and Sir George Smart likewise, under the plea of professional avocations—a reason with which the public are bound to be satisfied, while the more cogent one, which none can demand, is hidden within the breasts of those musicians. Costa, too, who, since the composition of *Malek Adel*, has become a musician of eminent desert, has refused to remain an associate of the Society. In all these movements may be seen a wisdom as conspicuous as that of the rats, inhabitants of old buildings, who very deliberately walk off just before they are going to topple on their heads.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the first Philharmonic Concert was performed to a thinner assembly than had ever been known on the like occasion. A little more of this “plentiful lack” of hearers, and the concert may become “Promenade.” The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland may file off down one of the

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alleys, and Sir George and Lady Warrender meet them with a profound bow of recognition. There may be stately marchings, and looks highly chivalresque to accompany the *Eroica*; while if any one is disposed to perform an *entrechat* once in every two bars of the scherzo, there will be plenty of room for him. A little movement over the floor, if the company keep time and the silks of the ladies do not rustle too much, will promote digestion and give the party a healthy relish for their coffee. We are sure that Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Billing, Mr. Cartwright, and every other musico-medical man who may chance to peruse these observations, will assent unreservedly to them.

What is it, we ask, that has brought the Society to a state, that even gives room for a joke like this? Simply, that the Society has from the first been worked, as far as it could be, to serve special interests. In this house of legislation, Mr. Mori represents his own breeches-pocket and fiddle; Mr. Bishop is member for Mrs. Bishop; Mr. Anderson represents Mrs. Anderson; while Mr. Potter's constituency is his large batch of symphonies, that always find in him a father and a friend. As for what Mr. Willman and Mr. Dance represent we know not: they surely stand for some rotten borough or other (remember, Philharmonic Reform is not yet carried) or are probably puppets at the beck of the more powerful members for *counters*. It is notorious that the council of the Philharmonic Society has for years voted in the same men with few changes—that it has played its game in its own way, and in the dispensation of its privileges has exercised a shameless favoritism. The road which it has pointed out to young musicians who aspire to be Associates—the only advantage of which is a cheaper rate of admission—is one of base and creeping subservency. The personal acquaintance, and most obedient humble servant of a majority of the directors, was sure of his election, while he, who had a friend only in his talent, dreaded to be put in nomination.

Were we to examine in detail the pretensions of the members of the Society, who have thus rigorously exercised their right of exclusion against the whole tribe of the unpatronised, good, bad, and indifferent, (and who once excluded Moscheles!) the result would be an explosion of laughter. How many mere fiddlers and arrangers, and people who in their lives never made any approach to a composition, and who we believe to be totally unacquainted with its principles, are among this set! Truly may we exclaim with Malvolio, when we read a list of Philharmonic Members,—“Some have greatness thrust upon them.”

Complaints have lately reached us that the experienced and old members of the orchestra are removed from their places in favour of new comers. We shall enter some day into the particulars of a concert calculated to do more for musicians and the art, than that of this exclusive body, and in particular, to remedy their heavy subscription which has already grievously taxed many young musicians, whose anxiety to hear the symphonies of the great masters, would neither permit them to ask a favour nor expose themselves to an indignity.

THE SPANISH SLAVES

An Opera in Three Acts.

BY R. H. HORNE,

Author of the Death of Marlowe; Cosmo de Medici, &c. &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

(Scene I., continued from page 94.)

PABLO. Well, once again—as I always shall, in future—I thank thee for turning aside the Saracen's blade from my innocent beard. You know my office in the castle is of multifarious importance, and of course (*with an air of consequence*) I am continually in request. But, for all that, I have some leisure to devote to my friends; and if at any time you wish to be bled, blistered, shaved, or have a few double teeth extracted, send for me!

SILVANO. I hope I shall have no occasion for any such *touching* proofs of your gratitude; although I acknowledge that you have the means of serving me in a different way.

PAB. Have I?

SIL. You have; to the greatest extent.

PAB. Have I, though? In what?

SIL. In something of the deepest importance.

PAB. You don't say so! And whom does it concern?

SIL. Myself.

PAB. And who else?

SIL. Ah, that is the main secret. May I trust you? Good Pablo, *may I trust you?*

PAB. You may: (*with assumed dignity.*) Certainly. I give you permission; and, my friend, you *must* trust me if you would have me help you.

SIL. (*musings.*) True, true.

PAB. Out with it!

SIL. True. (*pauses doubtfully.*)

PAB. You look very like a lover.

SIL. (*starting.*) Eh?

PAB. A real, regular, melancholy, all-in-earnest lover.

SIL. Who, I?

PAB. Yes; and now the next thing is, who's *she*? Why, the man stands as if he'd just been shot by an arrow, and didn't rightly know where! Who is *she*?

SIL. I—I—I *cannot* name her.

PAB. Why not? Why not? Somebody in the castle, isn't it? I see it is! Somebody very young, and very beautiful, isn't it? I see it is! Who loves you in return, doesn't she? I see she does!

SIL. Oh, that I should be so blessed as to think she does! Yet I *do* think it.

PAB. Hoo! bless the world; how happy we are! But who is *she*, then? Come, come. Oh, I see! I know who sighs and sheds tears in the castle for the love of you? It's the cook!

SIL. Pah! pshaw!

PAB. She's a very pretty woman.

SIL. Faugh! (*aside.*) What *am* I to do?

PAB. One of our young lady's waiting maids, then—aha?

SIL. Oh, nonsense! Don't tell me of such foolishness.

PAB. Wheu! such airs and graces to come from the woods and mountains. One would fancy you'd been hatched out of an eagle's egg, and looked down upon all of us as creeping things! Why, your high-soaring style would almost lead one to suppose you aspired to the notice of her young ladyship, herself!

SIL. I do! I do! thank heaven, the truth is out; I do!

PAB. Ha! ha! ha!

SIL. I do not jest.

PAB. What!

SIL. I speak most seriously.

PAB. O sky-larks and gold-mines! Why you—you—you don't *really*—

SIL. Yes, yes, good Pablo; and, to confide in you the treasure of my entire heart's secret; the high-born lady *has* noticed the mountain-bred devotee, nor suffered his ambitious love to sink in utter despair.

PAB. (*confused*.) I feel, my lord—that is, mountain swain—I mean, generous preserver of my life. I feel a difficulty in my throat, as I was going to say, my lord—shepherd—senor—which prevents my accustomed—which, in short, cuts short the shortness of time, and prevents the eloquence of speech.

SIL.—Ha! ha! ha! it is now my turn to laugh. But listen, Pablo. You now know my secret.

PAB. (*recovering himself*).—I suppose so; but the knowledge is of such a top-heavy kind, that I certainly don't very well know if I stand on my head or my heels. Don Colonia, too—what will *he* say to this?

SIL. 'Tis not yet time to think of that. Do not ask me for any history of this my daring passion for the noble daughter of a grandee of Spain; enough that it exists. How it first chanced that she noticed me when lost in a lonely ramble, she was exposed to danger from the mountain wolves, whom I drove away; how my heart thence made progress upwards towards so bright a shrine, I have no words to tell thee. All I have said or hinted at is true,—will you assist me?

PAB. (*hesitating*).—Really, my lord—

SIL. (*smiling*).—Come, come.

PAB. (*archly*).—You're a bold fellow.

SIL. Will you assist me?

PAB. I will; but, I say—

SIL. Well!

PAB. What a bold son of the mountains you must be. But come along, we'll talk it over seriously; you *are* really serious?

SIL. I am! I am!

PAB. If ever I met such a bold lover! come along!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corridor in the Castle of Don Colonia.

[*Enter DON COLONIA and ALMENA, followed by CARLOS and LUCIO with armed soldiers. The soldiers are ranged at the back, as Chorus.*]

COLONIA, *recitative*

These are thy girlish fears.

ALMENA, *recitative*.

Oh! father! stay

Within thy castle walls, nor court the field

Of danger!

[*Throws her arms round him.*]

COLONIA.

I must hence, away!

[*Symphony, during which DON COLONIA gently disengages himself from his daughter's arms.*]

COLONIA, *aria*.

The Saracen chieftains wield

Their glittering arms both night and day!

ALMENA.

Then make these towers thy shield;

Beneath their ancient shadows stay!

COLONIA.

Oh! I must bear

My country's banner high,

Unscorch'd amidst the glare

Of battle's storm-rent sky!

ALMENA.

Oh! if thou'lt bear

Thy country's banner high,

May it heaven's blessing share

Beneath a peaceful sky!

Chorus.

Our country's banner we must bear
Unscorch'd amidst the battle glare;
With falcon ardour bound on high,
And deem war's field our native sky!

COLONIA and ALMENA,

Oh! I must bear, &c. | Oh! if thou'lt bear, &c.

[*Exit ALMENA.*

(*Trumpet sounds.*)

COL. Prepare now, gallant friends and retainers, to issue forth from our castle walls against the invaders of our country! Myself will lead ye on!

COLONIA; *aria, trumpet obbligato.*

Strike the invader down!
And of his helmet make a wassail bowl,
Victorious feats to crown;
While o'er his grave the pausing thunders roll!

Chorus.

Strike the invader down, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

(*To be continued.*)

ANCIENT AND MODERN DRINKINGS AND OTHER ALLOWANCES OF COURT MUSICIANS.

"Art any more than a steward?"—*Twelfth Night.*

The detestable economy of the Duke of Argyle in stopping the pint of port of the Guard's band, and his low estimate of the art in expecting gentlemen accustomed to the refinements of harmony, and the grace of melody, to swill malt, (like footmen or chairmen) instead of their natural beverage, has led us into some rather curious reading respecting the alimentation of court musicians. From the earliest times we find it to have been the practice of our kings to see their wind-instrument players exceedingly well victualled and provided, and this upon the most correct reasoning—for what exercise in nature demands the restoratives of meats and drinks more strongly, than the long continued blowing of overtures, valse, opera tunes, and other *pieces d'harmonie*? The Germans are so well aware of this, that none of their wind-instrument bands will stir a step or blow a note without their proper ammunition of sandwiches, bottles, &c. Every note blown makes some ravage on the very seat of life—the breath; exhaustion, incapability, nay, death itself, may result from too strenuous and protracted exertions.

With regard to the quality of the refreshment we think it ought to bear an exact correspondence to the acquirements and ability of the artist. A man who can play a fine cantabile, understand an enharmonic change, enjoy the chromatic harmony of Spohr &c., will elegantly appreciate a supper of cold roast fowl and ham with salad, custards and jellies, port, punch, &c. However the Duke of Argyle may theorise—and if he views the stomach of the player merely as a void or space to be filled by a certain quantity of stuff, no doubt he may persuade himself that a quart of beer is twice as good as a pint of wine—but however his grace may theorise, we say, this is the real practical truth: refinement in the arts that embellish life includes refinement in *living*, thus the table of the artist, however poverty may interfere with the desired regulation of it, has a certain *ideal* elegance to which it always tends. Thus a sentimental appetite is acquired; thus men come to do justice to roast fowls, and to take off their wine with a profundity of feeling, which no one but the insolent aristocrat, would suppose their education or their situation in life unfitted them for.

The wild uneducated class of musicians, waits, and other wandering bands never clamour for delicacies of this kind. The fact is they know they could not

do justice to them—they have not the *virtu*; therefore, porter, bread and cheese, the alehouse fire, &c., gratify all the longings of their souls and bodies. One can hardly expect a higher standard of elegant life from persons with such dim and conventional notions of musical beauty. The blush at the sight of “a pottle pot” would, in one of those poor men, be like Bardolph’s, not like the wounded sensibility of one of the Guard’s band. How this order of minstrels has degenerated! A wait was formerly an established officer in royal palaces, and probably in other mansions. His duties and privileges in the palaces of Edward IV. are thus described in the “Household Book.”

“A wayte, that nyghtly, from Mighelmasse till Shere Thursday, pipeth the watche within this courte fower tymes, and in somer nyghtes three tymes; and he to make bon gayte and every chambre door and office, as well for fyre, as for other pikers or perilles.

He eateth in the hall with the minstrelles, and taketh liivery at nyght dimid’ payne, dimid’ gallon ale; and for somer nyghtes two candelles peris’, dim’ gallon ale, fower candelles peris, dim’ bushell cools; and for wynter nyghtes, halfe a lofe, dim’ gallon ale, fower candelles peris’, dim’ bushell coles; and dayly, if he be present in the courte by the chakker rolle iiiij^l, ob, or iii et, by the discretion of the steward and thesaurer, and aftry the cuning that he can, and good deservyng; also cloathing with the household yomen or minstrelles, according to the wages that he taketh; and if he be syke or lette bloode, he taketh ii loves, one messe of greate mete, one gallon ale; also he partheth with the generall gifts of household, and hath his bedding carryed, and his groomes togeder by the countroller’s assignement. And under this yoman a groome wayte; if he can excuse the yoman in his absence, then he taketh clothing, mete, rewardes, and other things, like to the other groomes of household. Also this yoman wayteth at the making of knyghtes of the Bathe, watching by nyght-tyme upon them in the chappell; wherefore he hath of fee, all the watchinge-clothinge that the knyghtes should weare uppon.

Observe how admirably adapted were these regulations to preserve the corporal and mental calm of the serenader. Hunger and thirst were quite excluded; he received pay in proportion to his deserving, and cloathing in proportion to his pay, and kept a man who was his servant in ordinary, and his deputy, when he chose to go into the country.

Having made a hearty dinner in hall, he supped in the evening on bread, and a dimid’ (or as our correspondent of the guards would read it,) a d—d gallon or ale—after which he had to play only three or at most four tunes. Alas! the Guards play, and pay too, three times as much, and have their modicum of drink resisted. O the villainy of these mercenary, calculating, make-shift *expedient*, New-poor-law times! Music like justice will take flight to heaven—she will no longer abide in palaces with Lord High Stewards, advocates of beer—she will go beforehand to prepare nectar and ambrosia for her sons in another sphere. But we must not keep the wayte in attendance.

On summer nights he is allowed a ‘bushell of cools.’ An exquisite propriety is discernible in this arrangement—coals for winter and cools for summer. But what follows is more striking:

“If syke or lette bloode, he taketh ii loves.” We forbear to consider the question as one of morals, whether the wayte were a married man or not; but this we will say that there could not be a more rational proceeding than to take two or three to help him to discuss “a messe of greate mete,” and a gallon of ale. Whether the waits waited for wine we know not, but it is our earnest wish that the guards may guard their throats from beer.

REVIEWS.

Ode. The Land of my Birth, by the Rev. Dr. Raffles (of Liverpool), The Music by G. Hargreaves.

We trust the reverend poet has not discovered any lurking tendencies towards domestic slavery or foreign subjection in our national condition at the present moment, that he declaims away here with all that venerable order of eloquence that used to rouse the patriotism of our grandfathers, in the days when one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen by a law of natural proportion. We

assure the reverend doctor that his "Ode" comes too late or too soon, being in truth of that kind which requires a very considerable and imminent foreign war, at the least, to make it go down. Such of our readers as may not have made acquaintance with the name of Dr. Raffles ought to know that his celebrity is large in Liverpool, where he holds forth weekly to edified flocks of his peculiar feeding. We remember a pun, a very good pun, (if alien from the sacred character of our subject, yet not more alien perhaps than an *Ode* about "The Land of the Brave," &c., and certainly more new than "Ere Britons be slaves she shall sink in the waves," and the like,) a very tolerable pun, we say, on the reverend author of this specimen of ancient enthusiasm. One of his congregation, a singularly starch pietist, catching a friend of ours in the act of playing a game of billiards on Good Friday, rebuked him in set phrases accordingly. "Why," replied the other, "you can't find fault with me for playing billiards on Good Friday when you yourself go every Sunday to *Raffles*."

Of the music we have only to say at Mr. Hargreaves, the composer, seems to have entered fully into the spirit of poetry, whatever that may be.

Come touch the chords. Duetto written by Charles Jefferys; the music composed by John Barnett.

A melodious elegant little duet, adapted, when voices blend in a very pure harmony of thirds and sixths, to find success in the drawing-room. Sisters and other ladies who do not sing for the pleasure, or very profound connoisseurs, will perhaps best please their audience and themselves by such a composition as this of Mr. Barnett's.

Weep not thou lovely One, Ballad; the Poetry by T. H. Bayley; Composed by Henry R. Bishop.

One of Mr. Bayley's songs of situation and circumstance. Those who undertake the christian office of consoling widows and deserted maidens will find this song a valuable auxiliary. It is to be sung at rather than to the party.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee.' A Ballad: the poetry by Robert Herrick, 1648; the music composed by T. H. Severn.

This song though not a new one; we notice from its being identical with one of the beautiful selections of "Words for Composers," contributed by Mr. Leigh Hunt to this journal. The burthen of the song is a pretty, tender phrase, and the words have been altogether quaintly and fancifully set by Mr. Severn, and quite in the spirit of poetry.

Beethoven's Works, edited by J. Moschelles. No. 33. Andante for the Pianoforte composed by L. V. Beethoven.

An elegant singing movement, varied in Beethoven's extraordinary way, and not unmarked by his occasional caprice and humour. Some passages of octaves herein found, will pique the dexterity of players.

They bid me Forget Thee. A Song. Written, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss D. By John Wellington Freese.

Ariana a Naxos, a Cantata, with accompaniments for the Pianoforte. Composed by Guiseppi Haydn. New Edition. Edited by W. H. Callcott, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Masson, by the Publisher.

This fine work will form no unworthy companion to Beethoven's *Adelaide* and Mozart's *Non Temere*. Without, indeed, being equal to either of those compositions, and having, perhaps, both a form and style somewhat older—there is yet about this work all that eloquent expression, and forcible painting of situation, in which the highest order of composers have entirely sympathized, and which those who are not acquainted with Haydn's dramatic efforts, would hardly give him credit for possessing a power over. Singers cannot have their attention directed to a more valuable and truly classical study.

The Waltz Bijou. A Collection of Waltzes, Gallopades, &c., for the Pianoforte. By the most admired Composers.

The best thing in this number is a waltz, by Spohr, called *Erinnerung an Marienbad*; followed by two trios and a coda. There is some very pretty syncope and expressive motion of parts in the waltz, which is decidedly superior

to either of the trios. We are glad to see that the great composers still occasionally put their hands to dance music; in this, Spohr follows in the train of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber.

Nature is our mother. Song. *The words by Cambria Jones; the music by G. H. Thompson.*

This may take rank amongst the better order of songs of the season. It wants the charm of novelty however; though we suspect the author conceived this desirable object to have been attained by the introduction of his G 6. at the eighth bar from the end.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Last Adieu. Ballad sung by Miss Birch, Miss Woodyett, Miss Steele, and Miss Woodham, at the London and Provincial Concerts. *The Words by H. H. Olivier. The Music by H. Perry.*

My Native Glen. Ballad written by the Rev. John Wreford, F.S.A. Composed by Miss Emma Blythe.

Fantasia for the Organ or Pianoforte, modulating twice through all the major and minor keys; forming a complete modulation study, by Thomas Porter.

Western Lyrics. No. I. Beautiful Dreams; sung by Mrs. Hardwick. The Music by Austin Phillips.

Songs of the Sea. No. I. Merrily o'er the Waves. The Poetry by the Rev. John Wreford; the Music by Austin Phillips.

Who's the Flincher? Song. Written composed and dedicated to his friend, C. E. Fenton, Esq. by Edmund Middleton.

Dream of the Past: Ballad. Sung by H. Phillips and Mrs. A Shaw; the poetry by Charles Jefferys, the music by Alexander Lee.

Old Friends and true Friends: Ballad, the Poetry by T. H. Bayley, Esq; the music by Joseph Philip Knight.

The Welcome. Alleen Arroon. No. 6. Irish Songs. Echoes of the Lake: written composed, &c by F. N. Crouch.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

BLAGROVE'S THIRD QUARTETT CONCERT.—We found Miss Birch executing Mozart's "Non Temer," and Mr. Benedict supporting her in the obligato accompaniment. This is a work of such transcendent merit and proportionate arduousness, that to fail to realize its perfect expression, either in the vocal or the instrumental moiety of the *duet*, (for it may be called a *duet*) is not to incur any great reproach. Its demands on both singer and player are unusually large, and most unusual is it to find them satisfied. There is no work of the same class which requires so rare a combination of the *material* and the *spiritual* in singing—of power and sweetness—of pathos and of energy, nor which puts so much to the test the feeling, delicacy, and *musicianship*, of the accompanist. Whether it be that this exquisite cantata is so difficult a morsel as we have described it, or that we have heard it sung formerly, in private, with a refinement and depth of sentiment which it is vain ever to hope to hear again, certain it is that it now invariably disappoints us, and that the public singers who usually attack it, appear to be incapable of the secret of its beauty. All that Miss Birch's faultless voice could do for it, was done. To Mr. Benedict more emphatic credit is due; his accompaniment is always judicious, and frequently charming—on this occasion it was both.

The most conspicuous feature of this concert was the Quartett in C sharp minor, of Beethoven, (Op. 131,) which succeeded to the above. Messrs. Blagrove and Gattie have originated an excellent practice in their concert bills, which Messrs. Mori, or any other quartett concert givers, would do wisely to adopt in theirs; they enter into *particulars*—they substitute, for the bare announcement of the quartett about to be performed, a *catalogue raisonné* of the

articles of which it consists; thus furnishing a sort of inner bill, or contents within contents, abundantly contenting to the musical reader. As a striking exemplification of the acceptableness of this practice, we subjoin the printed "argument" of the quartett in question.

QUARTETT—(Op. 131.) Beethoven.

Introduction in C sharp Minor....Adagio ma non troppo e molto espressivo.

First movement in D MajorAllegro molto Vivace.

Second .. in A MajorTema con Variazioni.

Third .. in E MajorScherzo, Presto.

Fourth .. in Gsharp Minor..Adagio quasi un poco Andante.

Leading into

Finale..... in C sharp MinorAllegro.

The extraordinary construction of this quartett will here be perceived at a glance. Out of six articles or portions of the work, two only are in the tonic key, and these at distances so remote (i.e. at the commencement and at the conclusion of the whole) that the ear hardly recognizes the final necessity which places it in *statu quo*. Decidedly the most unequivocal effort of genius in this composition (full as it is of wonders, and of beauties too,) is the scherzo in E major, in which that peculiar attribute of Beethoven's musical character—humour—comes forth in most astonishing development. We hold it impossible, physically, to preserve a grave countenance, while this delightful sally is made; there is a waggish, roguish, dry, sly, "pawkie" humor, from the first bar to the last, that leaves no interval for gravity—nay, the intervals themselves are ludicrous—there is fun in the very bar rests. This is a mine in music that nobody ever fairly worked, till Beethoven's *melancholy* came, and made resilience necessary. We question if Haydn were ever melancholy—we take his deepest shade to have been a sentimental sorrow; his rebound, therefore, brought him no further than to the gentle mirth, and pleasant *witticism*, which we find characterizing some of his instrumental writings. To Beethoven it was a necessity of existence, that he should fly off every now and then into the remotest regions of the grotesque and frolicsome, corresponding in intensity to those opposite depths of passion, the serious and profound, which gave him his larger claim to admiration and the sympathy of the world.

We do not greatly esteem Hummel's quintett in E flat which opened the second part. It is, as usual with this author, telling and effective, and withal classical; but it is even *less* original than many of the works of the same class by the same author. The concluding quintett of Mozart (A major, op. 108) with the clarinet, is one of the most delightful and beautiful of his compositions. We think we remember the Blagrovian party performing this quintett at one of their concerts the year before last; once a month would not be too often. Willman was applauded with enthusiasm throughout his performance, than which nothing in the way of clarinet playing can be conceived more delicious. The audience seemed to us to imbibe all the good humour which breathes from every part of this choice quintett, and to break up afterwards with more than usual tokens of satisfaction and pleasure.

MORI AND LINDLEY'S QUARTETT CONCERTS.—The performance of Monday commenced by a quartett of Beethoven in C minor op. 18. We have heard four instruments much more exactly in tune than the party were, during the execution of this masterly work. We regretted this imperfection in the *ensemble*, as when it once begins in playing a quartett it ordinarily continues to the end, and always seriously detracts from the full enjoyment of the music. Miss Birch's song "Jerusalem," from St. Paul, was far from *nice* in the intonation on the first time of singing; her ascending intervals were too sharp. On repetition she however sung it perfectly, and the wind instruments were more correct in iterating the chords of the accompaniment than at first. We cannot too highly praise the brilliant and powerful voice of Miss Birch, who moreover displays a greater share than ordinary of those mechanical acquirements which give steadiness, confidence, and certainty in the orchestra. All that we desire in her singing is, more expression—a more entire sympathy with the composer; when she has accomplished this, the extensive repertory of songs in which she appears

before the public will do her the highest credit. We beg to remind the concert-givers, that where the wind instrument accompaniments are adapted to songs, like that sung by Miss Birch, the necessity for more stringed instruments becomes apparent to all whose ears are versed in effects and combinations. It would be best, perhaps, to accompany them on the pianoforte, if the true combinations of the orchestra are unattainable.

A new quartett* in E minor by Mendelssohn was infinitely better played than the opening one, notwithstanding an abundance of bravura passages and arduous solos contained in it. The least successful part of the composition is the adagio in G major, a movement which, though rather new in the character of its design and combinations, has no phrases of melody that are not familiar. The other movements, the first for its clearness and melodiousness, the scherzo for its playfulness, and the finale for its science, are all excellent, characterised by an original vein of thought without extravagance or eccentricity. Miss Dolby, whose correct and chaste style always announces the intelligent musician, would never we are persuaded have selected such a song for a concert-room as the one from Oberon, "O Araby." Mr. Mori has to answer for the indiscreet selection of an air, the character and interest of which are inseparable from the stage representation. Miss Dolby acquitted herself extremely well, though evidently labouring under a cold. Lindley and Dragonetti played their old sonata in A in a manner that would have astonished Corelli; the former indulging in all those licenses of roulade and ornament, against which both good taste and the genius of the old Italian school have long pleaded in vain; the latter articulating the divisions of the running bass with an *aplomb* and distinctness, that are the admiration of all hearers on every succeeding repetition. The encore produced as usual the pleasing pantomime of these genial old comrades. Dragonetti having his arduous work to do over again, was rather coy in his compliance. Lindley having nothing to do was of course quite the reverse, and when the whole was over, the violoncellist handed the contrabassist out of the orchestra, with all the attention and deference that one would bestow on some very remarkable old lady, laughing immoderately, but with great good humour, as though the *encore* of a difficulty were one of the best jokes in the world against Dragonetti. The public feel a benevolence towards these veteran musicians, correspondent to the sentiments which they entertain towards each other.

Onslow's pianoforte sestet in E flat was performed by Mr. Moscheles and Messrs. Card, Lazarus, Baumann, Platt, and Dragonetti. We first heard this pleasing work performed by Thalberg two seasons ago at Willis's rooms, and enjoyed it no less on the present occasion, when it was accompanied with remarkable care. The combinations are full of Onslow's delicate feeling for harmony and his agreeable classical reminiscences; the fault of the work is such as might naturally be expected from the composer not being a pianoforte player: the principal instrument is not sufficiently prominent. In spite of this disadvantage, Mr. Moscheles made himself heard with the greatest effect on Monday. That rapid, even and beautiful performance of scale passages, and the expressive touch which he has cultivated of late years, turned to the greatest advantage in this composition. This characteristic of the old school was, however, united with an occasional passage of octaves and chords *staccato*, which no one executes like Moscheles, and certainly nothing can be more spirited and effective. The piece seemed on the whole to be far too easy for the player. Miss Birch displayed her fine compass of voice in a scena from Euryanthe, which is usually performed as a solo accompanied by chorus. This is the way in which Madame Schroeder Devrient used to be heard in it. Mozart's quintet in E flat concluded the selection for the evening, and the series of concerts, which have been attended by all the zealous amateurs of music, with the highest satisfaction. The selections have been for the most part excellent, without barren spots, and containing nothing immoderately long; they have been agreeably various, have done full justice to the old and the new schools, and have in the strictest sense of the word merited the descriptive epithet of "classical." May both concerts and players flourish many years!

* This Quartett, now executed from a printed copy, was first performed in MSS. by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, &c., last season.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.—Our space forbids our giving any detailed account of the opening performances at this house, and perhaps little apology is due for the omission of what could neither edify our readers nor gratify those concerned. Belisario is not an opera needing any comments of ours. If, when first it was brought out it was not deemed worthy of critical notice, certainly it has not acquired any new claim since. Music of this sort does not improve on acquaintance. With respect to the performers, Madame Monani, Madame Crofts, and Signor Tati, we can still less regret that our crowded pages prevent the task of critical commentary. Nevertheless we shall probably give some account of the ladies hereafter if circumstances permit.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is chiefly compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The Editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their own editorial signature is appended to.]

MANCHESTER.—A controversy has been going on for some time here between Mr. Pickering, late organist of St. Ann's Church, and the churchwardens, relative to the erection of a new organ. We have received a small pamphlet by Mr. Pickering, in refutation of the statements made by his opponents, which he has considered it due to his own character to put forth, and which to all appearance very successfully vindicates him from the reproach which those statements were calculated to affix upon him. An editor is, perhaps, never put to so difficult a task as when he is called on to adjudicate, or, at least, to pronounce an opinion, with reference to matters of a local and peculiar, and at the same time controversial and personal nature. The difficulty and embarrassment always more or less besetting a question of personal differences, are rendered a hundred-fold more perplexing when remoteness from the scene of dispute is added to the rest. We therefore confess ourselves unable to decide on the exact merits of the case to which Mr. Pickering's pamphlet has reference, and can only say that there is an appearance of fairness and candour in the *writer*, strongly confirming those impressions of the *man* which, from some little intercourse many years ago, we ourselves received. We should say, from those impressions, that it was impossible for Mr. Pickering, under any circumstances, to act otherwise than in accordance with an honourable and gentlemanly course of conduct.—Ed. M. W.

READING.—Mr. Venua's *Soiree Musicale* on the 20th of February, exhibited a choice selection of vocal and instrumental music, which, if to be taken as a criterion of the state of musical taste in the town of Reading, is highly creditable to it. This gentleman appears to have been led to the establishment of concerts by a real desire to advance the interests of the art, and the admixture of the classical with the popular in his schemes, is precisely the sort of thing best calculated to accomplish that object. Before you can improve the taste of an audience, you must get them *to come*, and they will not come if not allured by the promise of something of a pleasing and popular description which they are already prepared to understand; but having "caught your hare," it is in your power to make what you choose of him; and an audience may be instructed while it is gratified, and easily led on to the appreciation of better and higher things in music than it may have been accustomed to. The true tact in concert-giving, as we take it, is to follow and to lead public taste at one and the same time—a proceeding involving no contradiction, as all who have had any experience well know.

We cannot state the success of this *Soiree Musicale*, not having received any local report of it; we can only say that the bill is one of the best bills we have received from the country for a long time, and that we hail any show of improvement in the matter of concert-giving in the provinces, where such monstrous things are done as we have sometimes been compelled to chronicle. The *tourists* from London, to judge from past experience, are not the people to improve the condition of musical taste in the provinces, and the impression that they are so—because they *ought* to be so—is now wearing away, and country towns are beginning to find that their only chance for good music is to take their affairs into their own hands, to organize local societies, and concoct concerts of their own. As long as they continue to depend on the metropolis for their supply of musical wares, they will find themselves regaled with nothing better than the off-scourings of the Italian Opera boards, and the dregs of the London season.—Ed. M. W.

RICHMOND.—By the individual and spirited exertions of Mr. William Etherington, Haydn's celebrated Oratorio of the Creation was given in the concert-room at the Castle Hotel in this place, on Wednesday the 27th of February last. Miss Birch, Miss Jenkins, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. H. Phillips, as the principal vocalists, delighted the audience by the pure and chaste style in which they gave the solos, duets, and concerted pieces allotted to

them. Great praise is also due for the very effective manner in which the chorusses were executed, particularly "The Heavens are telling," and "Praise the Lord." Between the parts of the Oratorio (by particular desire), Mr. Bennett gave Handel's song, "Gentle Airs," violoncello obligato, Mr. Lindley and Miss Birch; "Let the bright Seraphim," trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper. It is almost superfluous to add, that the performance on either hand (vocal and instrumental), was perfection. The band was most ably led by Mr. G. Perry, and under the admirable conducting of Mr. J. Surman, with a well selected chorus, combined with the instrumental talent of Messrs. Lindley, Moralt, Anfossi, Card, Harper, Godfrey, H. Platt, Lazarus, Keating, Watkins, Banister, Richards, W. Cramer, Patey, Smithies, Ponder, Chipp, &c., the general effect was excellent; it was duly appreciated by a very fashionable, though not so numerous a company as could have been wished. It is to be hoped that Mr. W. Etherington's liberal endeavours to gratify his friends, will, on future occasions, meet with the encouragement they deserve, and that ultimately they may prove, not only beneficial to himself, but may be the means of establishing a decided taste for good music in the neighbourhood of his residence.

> LEAMINGTON.—Miss Rainforth, Young, Hobbs, Bradbury, and Alfred Novello, are engaged at a performance to take place on the 21st, on the occasion of opening the new concert-room. It will consist of the Messiah in the morning, and a miscellaneous selection in the evening.

LIVERPOOL.—The Second Liverpool *Eisteddfod*, or Congress of Bards and Friends of Welsh Literature, for 1839, was held at the Music Hall on the 1st of this month (St. David's Day), under the patronage of Lord Dinorben, Sir J. J. Guest, M.P., and the Society of Ancient Britons; Joseph Jones, Esq., of Caernarvon, in the chair. The hall was neatly and appropriately fitted up, and in front of the stage was a platform for the use of the harpers. The meeting commenced with some preludes on the harp: and the arrival of the chairman, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, vicar of Meltham, in Yorkshire, and of other distinguished friends of the society, was hailed by a flourish of trumpets and much applause from those present. The occasion excited much interest amongst all present; and the music, instrumental and vocal, was listened to with the most marked attention. Many ladies were present.

After an excellent speech from the chairman, he called upon the competitors (of above twenty years of age) for the best performance on the harp, the prize being a silver medal, value £2 2s. for the best player, and £1 1s. for the second best. Mr. Molineux and Mr. Stubbs were appointed judges. There were three competitors, Mr. Richard Jones, Mr. John Taylor, and Mr. Robert Jones. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Richard Jones, who exhibited great taste and execution. Mr. Robert Jones was adjudged to be the second best; and all played admirably. The former was invested with the medal. Mr. Morris, the secretary, being called upon, then recited some Welsh verses with great effect, and elicited much applause. The next contest was between two young ladies, Miss Jones and Miss Taylor, for the best performance on the harp. Miss Taylor played sweetly, but apparently with some timidity. Miss Jones was more energetic, and obtained the first prize of £2 2s.; Miss Taylor receiving the sum of £1 1s. Both ladies wore the hat peculiar to their country, and looked remarkably well. They were highly applauded. The prize of £2 2s., for the best performer (under twenty years of age) on the harp, was awarded to a youth named Edward Roberts; the second prize of £1 1s. to James Davies. Both played well. The next prizes were to the best singer to the harp, £1 1s., to the second best 15s., and to the third 10s. After the competitors, seven in number, had sung successively to three different tunes, the first prize was awarded to William Evans, the second to Abraham Evans, and the third to Joseph Williams. The prizes to the three best singers in parts, were awarded to Messrs. Jones, Roberts, and Matthews. The performances were on the whole highly interesting, and went off with great *clat*.

As we perceive that the worthy chairman spoke in enthusiastic terms of the softness and beauty of a language with which we confess ourselves not acquainted, we subjoin some original verses, written on this occasion by one of the members of St. David's Society, which it is said were received with the greatest applause. We wish we could add what the subject of them is; perhaps some of our readers may be more deeply read. If we had not been told they were very soft and sweet, we should not, we confess, have known it!

"MEIBION DEWI SANT.

"*Ar y dôn Glân meddwedd mwyn.*

"O, Wele wyl Ddewi, mewn bri, ger ein bron,

Ameibion sant Dewi, mewn llawnder yn llon,

Bid Côt am yr hoff-ddydd, mewn cynnydd mwyn ou,

A Chôt am ein Dewi, yn lloani pob llu.

O blooddiwn mewn un-llais, mewn par-lais, in Pôr,

Roed heddwech in Teyrnas, drwy Wiw-ras yr Jôr,

I ninnau fendithion, Weir tirion Ystôr.

Boed Cariad, ae undeb, tiriondeb yn troi,

Ynghylch ein Cymdeithas, elau urldas yn Cloŷ;

Madawed pob gâlön, i Frython yn frëg,

Gael i feib y mynyddau, eu dyddiau yn dëg,

O bloeddwn, &c.

O, Rhodded y Pen-llwy, in Dyw, pob gwell-hâd,

A llwydd a thanguefedd, yn wriedd ir HEN WLAD;

Bedd, undeb, a chariad heb dorïad pob dydd,

A meibion Sant Dewi, wyr heini, yn rhydd,

O bloeddwn, &c.

BLACKBURN.—*Commemoration of Handel's Birth Day.*—The Chorus Singers of Lancashire have long been celebrated as the most steady and effective performers in that style, which this country could produce; and in no part of the county has their pre-eminence been more fully established, than in Blackburn and the neighbourhood. The Choral Society of this town was one of the first to bring before the public the sacred compositions of the immortal Handel, at their annual Concerts; and we remember their talented and indefatigable conductor, Mr. Thomas Clough, bringing out in one season, no less than five different Oratorios of that great composer. The public taste, however, was not sufficiently ripe for the due appreciation of these sublime productions, and the concerts proving failures in a pecuniary point of view, were eventually discontinued. This want of encouragement and support did not, as might have been expected, tend to the breaking up of the Society, but served only as a stimulus to renewed exertions on their part to prosecute with unabated ardour the study of the works of modern composers in that school. Their assiduity has been unremitting, and their labour has been rewarded by obtaining a precision and promptness in the execution of their music, which at one time might, with apparent truth, have been despaired of. In this country Handel has met with no competitor either in the number or excellence of his compositions in this style, and they consequently form the staple commodity of Choral Societies. The anniversary of the birth-day of this great man afforded the Members of the Blackburn Choral Society an opportunity to do honour to his memory. The Committee accordingly determined upon performing a selection of music from some of his most popular oratorios; and an excellent programme was formed from "Samson," and "Israel in Egypt." As the 24th of February, (the day of his birth,) happened on the Sunday, the Commemoration was held on Monday, in the large room of Mr. R. Southworth's, the Mason's Arms.

Of the musical performance we have not space to speak in detail, but we may say that we never heard choruses better performed, nor can too much praise be awarded to the members of the Choral Society for the perfection which they displayed in the execution of their various parts. The performance was conducted by Mr. Thomas Clough.

A sumptuous dinner was given, at which fifty gentlemen sat down, and a delightful evening was passed amidst speeches, musical toasts, and vocal performances. Amongst the toasts, after those more particularly referring to the place and the occasion, the following were given, each being proposed in appropriate speeches—"The immortal memory of Henry Purcell;"—"The immortal memory of Arc Angelus Corelli;"—"The immortal memory of John Sebastian Bach;"—"The immortal memory of Haydn;"—"The immortal memory of Mozart;"—"The immortal memory of Beethoven;"—"The health of Felix Mendelssohn, Esq." Glee—"Under briar, rock, or mountain." "The immortal memory of Samuel Webbe;"—glee—"The mighty conqueror." "The health of John Barnett;"—glee—"Queen of the valley." The whole passed off with the highest enthusiasm.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HANDSOME REVENGE.—The opera singers at Naples were formerly in great terror of a certain Dr. Borsini, a morose critic who dealt his severities on all sides in such a manner, that he had not a friend among them. It happened that the doctor, who possessed a fine bass voice, was obliged to appear on the stage himself, and he chose the part of Bartolo in the Barber of Seville. All Naples was in commotion; people came from a distance of twenty leagues and bought tickets at any price to see and hear the enemy of all singers, and take a full revenge on him. When Borsini appeared, he was received with a general uproar; this, however, did not discompose him, and he went through his grand air with such steadfast nerve and excellence, that his bitterest enemies were disarmed. The noises were changed into cheers and bravos, and the doctor acquired not only an excellent engagement, but a moral lesson by which it is to be hoped that his future life profited.

HERR DAVID—(brother to Madame Dulcken)—the violinist, arrived in London, with W. S. Bennett, on Sunday evening, from Leipzig. David is to play a concerto at the next Philharmonic Concert; at which Moscheles will also perform a new Concerto Pastorale, on the pianoforte.

MENDELSSOHN, we regret to hear, will not pay England a visit this season.

JUDITH GRISI.—The report of the death of this lady, is not correct.

TAMBURINI.—After all that has been said and sung, in regard to this celebrated singer's visit to this country, we believe that he intends to come over about May, with a view of singing at public and private concerts—but not at Her Majesty's Theatre.

BENEDICT'S NEW OPERA, we hear, is not likely to be brought out this season; "circumstances" do not favour its production, and, fortunately, the *maestro* can wait.

CECILIAN SOCIETY.—We see by the advertisement in our No. 147, that this Society intends on the 28th instant, to give a public performance of Mr. Gardiner's *Judah*, which our musical readers will recollect contains several fine adaptations from Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. We believe this will be the first performance of the work entire in London.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH—We learn that the oratorio of the *Messiah* is to be performed in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, on Thursday, the 20th of June next, in commemoration of the centenary of the establishment of that hospital. The governors possess a copy of the score, and all the parts of the *Messiah* bequeathed to them by Handel himself, who superintended the performance of the oratorio in person in the chapel of the hospital for several years previous to his death. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family are expected to attend.—*Times*.

PAGANINI "HAD UP."—The case between Paganini and the directors of the Casino Paganini, in the Chaussée d'Antin, came on for hearing yesterday before the Tribunal de Première Instance, and it being established that the *Maestro* had contracted an agreement to perform at the concerts to be given at the Institution, but had refused to fulfil his engagement, he was decreed to pay damages to the amount of 20,000*fr.*—*Galignani's Messenger*.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF ENGLISH TASTE.—In a French paper, *La France Musicale*, the following imaginary syllabus of an English concert is given, with a view to convey a general idea of the present condition of our national musical taste. "Premier morceau: Variations sur le *God save*. Second morceau: Fantasia sur le *Rule Britannia*. Troisième morceau: Caprice sur le *God save*. Quatrième morceau: Variations sur le *Rule Britannia*. Cinquième morceau: Pot-pourri sur le *God save* et le *Rule Britannia*. Sixième morceau: Divertissement sur le *God save*. Septième morceau: Improvisation sur le *Rule Britannia*. Huitième morceau: Melange sur le *God save* et le *Rule Britannia*."

MUSICAL DICTIONARY.—The dictionary of music, written by Lichtenenthal, has lately been translated into French, and is thus placed so much nearer to English readers. The translation is accompanied by a prospectus under the hand of the celebrated Fétis, in which the highest praise is bestowed on the work by that excellent authority.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled to put our friend "C. B." into our Notice to Correspondents, in spite of his disavowment of that proceeding, as we do not know how otherwise to get at him. We feel much indebted to him for his obliging offer, and have read the MS. with real pleasure. We regret, however, that, for certain reasons, it will not be available in "the Musical World." These reasons are mentioned to him in a letter, which shall be left for him at Mr. Hooper's, together with the MS., in the course of the week.

"Delta" is informed that the Royal Academy of Music is open every day in the week, and all hours, from about nine in the morning till about four or five. But the different teachers have all of them their peculiar hours.

A communication shall be left for our correspondent "J. H." at Mr. Hooper's in the course of Saturday.

Erratum.—An error occurred in an article on the first Philharmonic Concert, by an accidental transposition of the word *prototype*. The sentence should be—"Mr. Richardson is a pupil of Mr. Nicholson, his prototype," &c.

NOVELLO'S EDITION

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FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

OP. 18. QUINTETTO; 2 Violins, 2 Viole, and Basso, in Parts.....	9 0	OP. 36. ST. PAUL, continued	
<i>N.B. In the Press, this Quintetto, as a Duet for the Pianoforte, by Czerny.</i>		27. I will sing of thy great mercies.. Mrs. Wood and Miss Clara Novello.....	1 6
OP. 19. THE CELEBRATED "LIEDER OHNE WORTE," or Songs without Words for the Pianoforte, the 1st Book.....	4 0	29. O Thou, the true and only light (Chorale) { But Paul and Barnabas } Messrs. Bra-	1 0
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Or as Duets for Pianoforte, by Czerny.....	5 0	35. Oh! be gracious (Chorus).....	2 0
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The Orchestral Parts (Wind).....	32 0	The separate Vocal Parts of ditto..	1 0
The Vocal Parts, separate.....	20 0	No. 2. Laudate Pueri (E flat) 3 Voices and Chorus Trebles.....	3 0
<i>N.B. The whole of the Airs, Choruses, &c. from ST. PAUL, arranged, both for 2 hands and 4 hands, by H. J. Gounell, are in the Press.</i>		The separate Vocal Parts of ditto..	1 6
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6. And all that sat in the Council (Stephen's Solo).....	2 0	OP. 40. THE GRAND CONCERTO FOR THE PIANOFORTE, in D, dedicated to Mrs. Anderson.....	7 6
7. Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets..Mad. Caradori and Miss C. Novello.....	1 6	The Quartett Accompaniments to ditto..	4 6
8. Stone him to death (Chorus).....	2 0	The Full Orchestral Accompaniments to ditto	
11. Happy and blest are they (Chorus).....	2 0	<i>Lately published.</i>	
12. Consume them all..Mr. H. Phillips.....	2 0	OP. 42. "AS PANTS THE HART"—the 42nd Psalm set for 4 Voices and Instruments	
13. But the Lord is mindful of His own..Mrs. A. Shaw.....	1 6	The Full Score, with English and German Text	
16. Sleepers awake (Chorale).....	1 0	The Pianoforte score.....	10 0
18. O God, have mercy..Mr. H. Phillips..	2 0	The separate Vocal Parts.....	5 0
20. I praise Thee, O Lord (Air and Chorus) Mr. H. Phillips.....	2 0	The separate Orchestral Parts.....	14 0
25. Now we are Ambassadors (Duet) Messrs. Braham and Phillips.....	1 0	OP. 44. Sonata, Vcello. and Pianoforte	
26. How lovely are the Messengers! (Cho.)	2 0	OP. 45. Serenade and Allegro gioioso, Pianoforte	

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QUARTETT CONCERTS.—FOURTH SEASON. HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

MESSRS. BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDO, and LUCAS beg to inform the Public that the **FOURTH and LAST QUARTETT CONCERT** of the present Season will take place on **THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, March 21**, to commence precisely at half-past Eight o'clock. The Selection will include Pessa's Quartett in C minor (first time of performance publicly in this country), and a Quartett by Beethoven. Vocal and Instrumental Performers—Miss Wyndham, Mr. Balfe, Mr. T. L. Hatton (who will perform the Pianoforte part in a piece of Mozart's), Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Gattie, Mr. Dando, and Mr. Lucas.

Tickets, Seven Shillings each, or Four for a Guinea, to Subscribers, may be procured of the Conductors; of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell and Co., Bond Street; and Messrs. Collards', Cheapside.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The **HUNDRED and FIRST ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL** of this Society will be celebrated in the Freemason's Hall on **FRI-DAY, April 19, 1839**, when Ladies will grace the Dinner Table with their presence. His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will do the Institution the honour of presiding on the occasion.

J. A. WOOD, Sec.

34, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

ITALIAN OPERA, 1839.—The admired SONGS, DUETS, &c. in the under-mentioned OPERAS: Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, Fioravanti's *La Cantatrice Villane*, &c.; also, as Single Pieces and as Duets for the Pianoforte, by Calcott, Truzzi, and W. Watts. Published by R. Mills, (late Birchall), 140, New Bond Street.

* * * New Editions of Haydn's Cantata, "Ariana à Naxos," and Mozart's Cantata, "Non temer."

Just Published.

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG.—Book 5, containing "On the Bridge," Behling, "The Midnight Serenade," Reissiger, "Beneath the Sacred Walls of Zion," Eberwein, "The Journey," Mendelssohn Bartholdy, "Evening," Claeplus, "Blue Eyes," Behrens. Price 5s.

TWO SONGS BY SPOHR, with accompaniments of Pianoforte and Clarinette, or Flute. "The Song of the Bird and the Maiden." "The Mother's Song," in three notes. Price 2s.

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